



BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXIV.

**Maine Farmer**

THE STATE GRANGE.

We continue this week our report of the annual State Grange meeting at Bangor, the opening day of which we published last week.

Everything seemed to combine to make the meeting one of the most successful in the history of the order in the State. The attendance was large, nearly three hundred voting members responding to the roll call and full as many more being present as visitors and to enjoy the exercises and the fraternal greetings of the State. Penobscot county has a large membership who turned out in full from day to day.

The citizens of the Queen City gave the meeting a cordial reception, greeting the members warmly and showing them every possible attention while there. The three daily papers each gave large space to the proceedings and as much publicity as the rules of a secret order would admit. The hotels throughout the city were crowded to their utmost, yet put forth every effort to give their guests the same attentive service for which the hotels of the city have long been noted.

Every visitor to the city went to their homes with no other than words of praise for the admirable manner in which they were served, and the expression was frequently heard, that they thought the grange better go there each year.

Accommodations on so extensive a scale are not to be had in any other city in the State.

Memorial Service.

Wednesday.

The order of the day was the election of officers, which on account of the large voting representation and the long list of officers to be voted for, took up the entire day. The following is the list as elected:

Master—Edward Wiggan, Mayville Centre, Oversee—J. A. Roberts, Norway. Secretary—R. H. Libby, Auburn. Assistant Steward—G. L. Weeks, Augusta. Chaplain—H. J. Harriman, Bucksport. Treasurer—J. H. Harriman, Bucksport. Secretary—E. H. Libby, Auburn.

Gate Keeper—J. J. Carr, Dover.

Flora—Mrs. H. J. Harriman, Bucksport.

Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. G. L. Weeks, Augusta.

Executive Committee—Ansel Holway, Skowhegan; L. O. Stetson, Newfield.

Mr. Straw is a new member. Mr. Straw is reelected. O. Gardner of Rockland and Z. A. Gilbert of North Greene hold over.

Wednesday evening the officers elect were installed, the service being impressively performed by Brother Seth Sennott of Saco. Following this ceremony the degree of Flora was given to 64 members—the hall and stage being beautifully decorated for the occasion. This was a pleasant closing of a hard day's work.

Memorial Service.

Thursday morning, after the opening and the presentation of several reports, memorial service was held in commemoration of prominent members deceased during the year.

An appropriate selection was rendered by the choir, following which B. M. Cross, Master of the Vassalboro Grange, read resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Hall C. Burleigh, who was a member of that Grange. The resolutions were seconded in remembrance by B. W. McKeen, F. S. Adams of Bowdoin, and J. A. Roberts, Norway, added tribute to his memory.

Mrs. L. W. Jose, Dexter, followed with a memorial on the life and services of the late J. O. Keyes of Wilton. Bro. Paine, Master of North Jay Grange, spoke of the high esteem in which the deceased was held in his own town and vicinity. Bro. Neal of New Sharon Grange and Prof. G. M. Gowell of the State College added their testimony of the high character and his devotion to the order.

Resolutions of the Grange.

The following resolutions were passed:

Whereas, Patrons of other States have adopted the method known as the contract plan, with satisfactory results, make arrangements with reliable firms whereby a reduction is made, by contracting the trade of members, Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Executive Committee of the Maine State Grange be instructed to look into, and make such arrangements with reliable firms, that the patrons of our order in Maine can purchase their farm machinery at reduced rates.

Resolved, That we urge our members of Congress to use all honorable means to have enacted, and restored, a reasonable protection on wool and other farm products produced by the farmers of the country.

Resolved, That this Grange demands on such squandering of the people's money, and such irretrievable loss of that precious part of a child's life, life is not long enough to those who are studying the rudiments of an education, and then to possess so little knowledge as though they would never let them go, feeling they might never see them again.

Resolved, That this Grange demands that our legislature devise some method whereby the taxes collected from the people of this State be apportioned and assessed justly and equitably.

Whereas, Subordinate Granges should make it a point at their annual elections to elect those to fill the various offices who are best adapted to fill them, as the electors are the best judges of our subordinate Granges depend largely upon its officers. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the deputies at the time of inspection call attention of the several Granges in their jurisdiction to this important fact.

L. W. JOSE,  
A. T. CLIFFORD,  
B. F. WILLEY,  
MRS. P. M. JORDAN,  
MRS. ROYAL GRINNELL,  
MRS. J. W. ELDERIDGE,  
Com.

THURSDAY, A. M.  
Chair. E. Wheeler, Chesterville  
Paper. Raising Apples for Profit.

CHAS. S. POPE, Manchester  
AFTERNOON.

The closing session was held Thursday evening.

Mrs. R. H. Libby, Deputy of Penobscot county, reported that she had organized two new Granges during the year.

B. H. Towle, Deputy of Aroostook county, reported that he had organized a Grange in Kingman.

Jacob Smith, Master of York County Grange, reported a large increase in his county.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

—221 bushels of grain is the sum total threshed this year by J. Niles and crew in the vicinity of Rangeley.

ANNUAL MEETING. The members of the West Penobscot Agricultural society are hereby notified that the annual meeting of said society will be held at the "Walker Hall" at Exeter Corner, Saturday the fourth day of January next at ten o'clock A. M. for the election of officers for the ensuing year and to act upon any other business that may properly come before said meeting.

T. P. BATCHELDER, Sec.  
Kenduskeag, Dec. 20, 1895.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1895.

No. 8.

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STATE GRANGE AT BANGOR.

We continue our report from last week:

The various committees were announced on Tuesday evening. The remainder of the evening was devoted to the meetings of the Maine Board of Agriculture.

Worthy Master Wiggan, in closing remarks, expressed his gratitude to the members for their confidence in him, and his satisfaction at the business-like manner in which the session had been conducted.

After singing "Auld Lang Syne" the twenty-second annual session was closed. The following reports of committees are in addition to those we published last week:

Education.

Worthy Master, Brothers and Sisters of the Maine State Grange: Education has been so often and so well defined that it seems beyond the scope of the common mind to collect the material for a paper upon the subject, which shall be in any way startling or even admirable.

And it is the more discouraging, as we call to mind the able and exhaustive efforts of the various teachers, especially of the public schools, in this direction.

And it is not too true? Are there not many who modify the child's mind with much care about that they know? And are not our schools, largely because of this, unsuccessful, especially those characterized as rural schools?

Why do we so often hear pupils say,

"I dislike and abhor English grammar; I cannot understand it, and can see no sense in it." Such an one has his fullest sympathy to learn that in which sees no analogy. He finds it hard to discover the meaning of the text book, is unable to make out what it is all about.

And his etymology is his curse.

His syntax would be easy if he could understand his words, but he cannot.

He has been told that a noun is a name of some person or thing, or the names of things are called nouns, and that it may fulfill its mission is clothed with properties, person, number, gender, case. Also that the verb states about nouns, and its properties are voice, mood, tense, person and number.

And it is the thought that property is a part of a thing, would not the inquisitive mind be puzzled when told that person and number are properties of the noun and verb at the same time? Would it not be better to teach him nouns, names, things, and things are numbered, and verbs state about these things?

Verily, our etymology, as taught by a large majority of text books and teachers, is puzzling indeed, because of the incongruity of their terms.

These, with many other illustrations, are the result of the incompetence of the teacher who wins the goal, and the reward of the teacher who loses the goal.

And neither does his duty end in giving the reward, and in the application to properly training as much depends upon the parent in forming correct deportment, thus laying the foundation of a prosperous school life, as upon all the instructors that follow.

The courteous, gentle and sober habits of youth are most excellent requirements in after years, when other teachers take control. History abounds with characteristic illustrations of the telling influence of education in doing this.

And the child to make the most of life, in the acquisition of knowledge.

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At a meeting of the Municipal League of Croesus, in discussing the school law, and the incompetency of their schools, George Francis A. Walker said it is a great need of the day to raise the standard of the school board. It is vitally necessary, said he, to put on the school board some one person who will prove a source of strength to the school.

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## Choice Miscellany.

## THE SANDS OF TIME.

When the leaves are whispering damp and dead,  
The plash of the falling rain,  
When the swallows have twirled good-by and fled.  
Till summer-time comes again.  
Sigh! I wish as I shut the old year out  
Of what is to come in the new,  
Or leaves the future in shadow and doubt.  
To dream of the past with you?  
Do you remember an April day,  
The sun on the springing corn,  
And the trees a-tint with the promise of May,  
Do you hear the far-off horn?  
Last summer's leaves crackled under our feet,  
Or wind-tossed round us flew—  
And now 'tis only in memory sweet  
That I tread through the woods with you.  
Do you remember the hot July?  
All nature gasped for breath,  
While the faithless wind had forgotten to sigh.  
And flower-birth led by the little gate,  
Was stoned in the shade by the little gate,  
Together, dear, I and you,  
And we heard the bird-bird call to his mate.  
When the roses cried for the dew.  
Do you remember a favorite horse,  
A soft, warm nose in your hand?  
The silence that came as a master of course?  
Or the speech that never was planned?  
Do you remember—tis months ago—  
Or forget that you ever knew?  
Dear, if I know as I think I know,  
I know I am one with you.  
Do you remember the clear, cold night,  
The night that our farewell sped?  
You stood out dark 'gainst a streaming light,  
Take care of yourself!" you said.  
All over, and yet though summer be flown,  
For you all lost a friend.  
I can never be heart-sore and never alone  
When I travel the past with you.  
—B. M. Danby, in Chambers' Journal.

## ROMEO AND JULIET AGAIN.

▲ Montague-Capulet Love Tragedy in Real Life in Austria.

An extraordinary love tragedy, recalling the story of Romeo and Juliet, is reported from Alsfeld, Irina, says a Vienna letter to the London News. Some time ago the daughter of a highly-respected family made the acquaintance of an employee of the local administration, whose uncle is one of the princes of the Hungarian church. The two fell deeply in love and often met by stealth, as the young man's parents could not forget a lawsuit they had had with the girl's family and which was decided against them. The girl's father, who was once a millionaire, but whom speculation had reduced, tried to persuade his daughter to marry a rich land owner who was anxious to make her his wife. The young man succeeded, however, in getting a dispensation through his clerical uncle, and a secret marriage was performed.

The girl's parents again made a violent scene to induce her to marry the land owner. She took their words so much to heart that she took a large dose of opium and next morning was found unconscious in her bed. The young husband, hearing the news, ran to the house and in the general confusion entered the room. Seeing her pale and motionless and believing her to be dead, he bled his brains out with a revolver he had brought with him. The report awoke the young woman, whom the opium had put in a trance. When she saw her lover lifeless on the ground near her, she took the revolver from his dead hand and shot herself.

## QUEEN AND THE "ORB."

How the Brave Girl Suffered Silently at the Coronation.

In the coronation the ceremonies lasted more than four hours, and throughout the queen played her part with wonderful composure. Care, says a writer in the Westminster Budget, had been taken to provide a crown suitable for her small head, but no one had thought about reducing the size of the orb which she was required to carry in her tiny hand.

"What am I to do with it?" she asked in concern.

"Carry it, your majesty," replied Lord John Thynne.

"Am I? It is very heavy," the queen answered in a tone of amazement. However, it was too late to protest, and she obeyed the exigencies of the situation.

A worse mistake had been made with regard to the ruby coronation ring. The jeweler had made it to fit her majesty's little finger, whereas the archbishop declared that according to the rubric it must be put upon the larger finger, and accordingly forced it into that position. The queen bore her painfully swelling finger with the same heroism that she carried the weighty orb. Afterward the finger was so much swollen that it had to be bathed in ice water before the ring could be drawn off.

## MEERSCHAUM.

Methods That Are Used to Prepare It for Market.

Meerschaum is extracted in the same way as coal. The stone as extracted is called "hard tash" (rough block) and is soft enough to be cut easily with a knife. It is white, with a yellowish tint, and is covered with a red clayey soil about one inch thick. In this state the blocks are purchased by dealers on the spot, not by weight nor by measurement. These rough blocks are dried and subjected to a certain preparation before being conveyed to Eskil-Sherir. Some of them are as small as a walnut, while others are in the size of a cubic foot. Those which combine regularity of surface and size are the best. The manipulation required before they are ready for exportation is long and costly. The clayey soil attached is removed and the meerschaum dried. In summer exposure for five or six days in the sun's rays suffices, but in winter a room heated to the required temperature is required, and the drying process takes eight or ten days. When well dried the blocks are well cleaned and polished. Then they are sorted into about 12 classes, each class being packed with great care in separate cases and each block being wrapped in cotton wool.

## SAFETY FOR PASSENGERS.

How it is Secured on Eastern Excursion Steamers.

Those of our readers who have had the curiosity to examine the appointments and equipments of excursion boats such as play about the bays and harbors of the Atlantic coast, says Business, may have noticed, on the main deck a weighted and suspended pointer, so arranged as to indicate by its swinging movements the deviation of the boat from even keel. Some weights on wheels, commonly termed "chain boxes," are at hand for use in evening.

the load of the boat. As the boat lists to one side, when the eager sight-seers rush pell-mell to secure some special view, the chain boxes are quickly rolled in the opposite direction, and when, by reason of a change in point of interest, the crowd runs to the opposite side of the boat, the chain boxes in turn are wheeled to the contrary direction. The pointer or indicator, hanging against a post near the center of the boat, serves to direct the movements of the deck hands with the boxes.

## SWINDLED BY A "SALTED" MINE.

MILWAUKEE. Capitalists Purchased an Alleged Bonanza in the Black Hills.

According to a story from the Black hills a Milwaukee syndicate is the latest victim of the "salted" mine game. The property in question is known as the "Crown peak mining ground" and is located near Spearfish in the extreme northern portion of the Black hills. It is almost an unknown land and is inhabited by a fierce and warlike tribe of Indians, known as the Crows. The predatory raids of this tribe have been a source of great annoyance and expense to the Mexican government, and it has been known for a long time that they would willingly grant the island to any company that would conquer it and annihilate the Indians.

A fair estimate places the value of this island at \$5,000,000, without taking into account the value of the gold, silver, copper, coal and other minerals it is credited with possessing.

An agent of the local capitalists is now in the City of Mexico procuring the concession to Tiburon island.

Tiburon island is situated in the Gulf of California 100 miles north of Guaymas. It is almost an unknown land and is inhabited by the keepers of the Crows. The predatory raids of this tribe have been a source of great annoyance and expense to the Mexican government, and it has been known for a long time that they would willingly grant the island to any company that would conquer it and annihilate the Indians.

But there is little doubt that they have been crossed with the pug to give them the very short snub noses which they now possess. Moreover, the breed has become very delicate and difficult to rear. They suffer from brain disease, and are more likely than any other dog to die in puppyhood. "Idstone," the celebrated writer on dogs, remembers the time when the Blenheim spaniels were mainly bred in the vicinity of the palace. He suggests as a probable origin of the Blenheim the Japanese toy spaniel. The sunrise seems very probable.

## HOW LIGHTNING KILLS.

It is the "Up Stroke" That is Always the Most Fatal.

A new theory as to how lightning kills, but one which may well be held in abeyance until a clearer solution of it can be presented, is just now being urged by the scientists, says the St. Louis Republic. According to this new-fangled idea, a person is never "struck" by lightning at all—that is, in the general sense of the word quoted. The new theory is the result of deductions that have been made along the following lines: All is electric. In the human body the stomach is the generator and the brain the battery. When a person is killed by lightning he is not "struck" at all, but dies because of a sudden loss of electric power which had been impelling his physical engine. The loss of this vital fluid, if such it may be called, is brought about in this manner: A thunderstorm is passing over. It is charged with positive electricity and the earth beneath it is charged negatively. The human electric battery is heavily enough it saps the negative electricity from the earth, using the human being as a conductor, and finally leaves him lifeless by taking his electricity with that from the earth. The portio is unusually wide, and is supported by large round columns reaching to the top of the second story. It was from the top of this porch that little Joe Davis, the president's eldest son, fell and was killed in the first year of the war. The windows of the two parlors and the large dining-room open upon this portico. The rear windows of the dining-room open upon another porch, the steps from which lead into the kitchen yard. This house was bought by the city from Lewis D. Crenshaw for \$43,000, and was offered to Mr. Davis as a gift. Mr. Davis declined to accept it as a gift, but consented to make it his residence during his lifetime. After it was given up by the military commander the city used it as a schoolhouse until it was donated for the museum. It contains a large collection of reliques.

## POTATOES WERE EXPENSIVE.

Big Bills Follow a Husband's Scheme to Hide Cost of Cigars.

One of the funniest things that have occurred in Joliet during the present year, says the Joliet (Ill.) Republican, was the mishap of a gentleman who formerly lived on the west side, but is now a resident of the city, and whose wife ran the store bill and looked after the household expenses. He was in the habit, by agreement with his grocer, of having his cigars and occasionally goods that were not exactly cigars charged up as potatoes. One evil day his wife took her pencil and began to reckon up the accounts. She finally found that the family had eaten over three car loads of potatoes in less than a year, and she just didn't believe that the account was correct. The smoker and the smoker's grocer were between the upper and the nether millstone for several days, and it was doubtful who would be pulverized the finest, but finally an explanation was made that had hastily assembled began singing: "While the bells are softly ringing."

The students that assayed of the hall little dreamt of what was happening inside, and few people on the campus were aware of the romantic episode in South Divinity.

## MARRIED TO HIS STEPMOTHER.

Present Husband a Former Suitor; But Was Jilted for His Father.

The other day on a farm 15 miles west of Columbia, Mo., James M. Johnson was married to his stepmother, Mrs. John Johnson. Several years ago, John Johnson, the father, and James Johnson, the son, who was married, fell in love with the same girl. The elder Johnson was the successful suitor and married the girl, to the bitter disappointment of his son. Recently the father became dangerously ill, and, realizing that death was near, called his wife and son to his bedside and said that it was his dying wish that they be married. Shortly afterward he died and the son and wife announced their willingness to accede to the wishes of the dying man, and a few days after inquest they were married.

## A DOUBLE-ACTION JOKE.

Dumas tells of a double-acting joke which he played on Meissner, who was a botanist in his hours of leisure. The famous dramatist sent him a paper containing the dried roe of a herring, telling him that it was the seed of a very rare plant. "How are the seeds coming on?" he asked the great painter the next time he saw him. "Oh, beautifully; I have planted them in a circle." And he took the astonished joker to a corner of the garden where the heads of young herrings were just being done at a time. Every description of animal real or imaginary, from an elephant to a mythical form of cat, is portrayed, each being set in a framework of hold-ups, burglaries and similar crimes that you ever heard. If they're held of a green reporter or a green policeman they are liable to have them chasing all over the universe at dead hours of the night looking for these suppositional events, and their mendacities are known to the police as "pipe stories" or "talking pipe." That is the symbol in Chicago for anything that is without foundation in fact.

## TATTOOING IN BURMAH.

It is a shame for a Burmese youth not to be decorated in Inks.

The professional tattooer in Burmah is a rapid worker, and the pricking machine soon runs over the outlines of the figure; but what takes time is the "filling-in," which is done with a somewhat broader style, says Chambers' Journal.

They had long been engaged and were of the opinion that the time had come to end the engagement by getting married. J. Y. Aitchison, who is a divinity student at the University of Chicago, preaches every Sunday at Melrose Park, and it was to him that the couple turned for aid. Both Mr. Duerr and Miss Wilkin were members of his congregation, so that when they approached upon the campus the other day and told him they wanted to be united in wedlock he immediately consented to do his part. Chalmers, his roommate, and C. D. Case, another divinity student, were hastily impressed as best men and witnesses. Word was sent to members of the Glee club asking their assistance. The happy groom and blushing bride stood up in the parlors of the hall, while Mr. Aitchison pronounced the words that made them man and wife. No sooner was the last word spoken than some of the Glee club who had hastily assembled began singing: "While the bells are softly ringing."

The students that assayed of the hall little dreamt of what was happening inside, and few people on the campus were aware of the romantic episode in South Divinity.

## A VITAL OMISSION.

A young typewriter had just been hired by a prominent lawyer. She had never done regular work before and was somewhat nervous. The lawyer settled himself back in his chair and began dictating a brief. He had pegged away about five minutes when the girl stopped, with a horrified look on her face. "What is the matter?" asked the lawyer. "Would you mind saying that all over again?" the girl asked, with eyes full of tears. "Why?" "I forgot to put any paper in the machine!"

## DUNRAVEN COMING TO NEW YORK.

The London Field announces that Lord Dunraven will sail for New York in order to resume an inquiry as to the degree of immersion of the Defender in the first race for the America's cup in September.

## Dr. Johnson's Mouse.

Considerable discussion, says a London exchange, is taking place in Liverpool with regard to the condition of the house in the market square in which Dr. Johnson was born and lived. In view of the possibility of the house falling into a state of decay an agitation has been commenced in favor of public action, and it is now understood that at the next meeting of the city council a proposition will be made to acquire it for use as a Johnson museum or club, a number of local residents having offered to give to relics which they possess the name of the famous lexicographer.

## It Pays

to use Vacuum Leather Oil on harness and shoes. Get a can at a harness- or shoe-store, 25¢ a half-pint to \$1.25 a quart. "It will take like leather." Hood's Pills, 25¢, will do the same.

"I can't do it, my son."

"Didn't your parents make you learn Latin when you were a boy?"

"No, Tommy, they did not make me learn Latin."

"What good parents you must have had. I wish mine were that way."

Texas Sifting.

Take HOOD'S PILLS only.

HOOD'S PILLS are rapidly increasing in favor. See.

## TO SUBDUDE AN ISLAND.

## Expedition Fitting Out to Go Against Tiburon Island.

Indians to Be Exterminated and the Island Developed and Transformed Into a Fashionable Resort Will Have Republican Government.

A San Francisco paper publishes the following special from Los Angeles:

A local paper last week had an article regarding a trip to be made to Tiburon island by Col. John Bradbury, J. D. Harvey, Peter Martin and Col. Walter S. Moore, all local capitalists.

There is much more behind this than a mere trip for pleasure and adventure. It is nothing less than the conquest of a country by the sword.

Tiburon island is situated in the Gulf of California 100 miles north of Guaymas. It is almost an unknown land and is inhabited by a fierce and warlike tribe of Indians, known as the Crows.

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The old Jefferson Davis mansion at Richmond, Va., formerly known as "The White House of the Confederation," has been converted into a museum of confederate relics. At noon on the sixth anniversary of Davis' death, the ladies of the Confederate Memorial and Literary Society—A Room Allotted to Each State of the Confederacy.

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## Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by  
Badger & Manley,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1895.

## TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.50 IF NOT PAID  
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF  
SUBSCRIPTION.

## TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-  
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-  
quent insertion.

## COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. Ayer, our Agent, is now calling  
upon our subscribers in West Kennebec  
county.Mr. J. W. Kellogg is now calling upon our  
subscribers in Aroostook county.More than half the United States  
have passed "good" road laws.This year 189 patents have been issued  
for improvements in bicycles.It is easier to work down to one's level  
than to work up to one's idea of it.The bullet of a poor marksman is like  
a farmer who has been induced to buy  
poor implements—it is lead astray.English farming people are coming to  
this country in larger numbers than ever  
before.The only prisoner in Norridgewock  
jail escaped the other night. He became  
so lonesome he couldn't stand it.C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., send  
us an elegant calendar for 1896. Send  
them six cents in stamps and receive a  
copy.Our well known agent, Mr. C. S. Ayer,  
is now canvassing Western Kennebec,  
having left Somerset county until the  
coming of good sleighing.The enormous crop of sugar beets in  
Nebraska has led some farmers to go to  
the business of making whiskey out of  
them.Everybody tells the farmer that he is  
fortunate because his crops grow Sun-  
days and while he is asleep. An ad-  
vertisement works right along just the  
same way.In round numbers there are about 10,-  
000 bicycles in the State. An estimated  
valuation of \$50 a machine is a reason-  
able one, which would make a total val-  
uation of \$500,000 for the State.We shall have the strange occurrence  
of two full moons in December. There  
was a full moon on the second of this  
month, and there will be another one on  
the 31st. It will be the first time that  
there have been two full moons in De-  
cember since the month in which Christ  
was born, 1806 years ago.In many of the counting rooms of this  
State will soon be found hanging the  
neat and illustrated calendar issued by  
the Maine State Agricultural Society.  
It has a vivid picture of the fair grounds,  
and a constant reminder of the fact that  
the fair will take place August 31,  
Sept. 1, 2, 3 and 4.Forests that yield India rubber are  
disappearing rapidly in South America  
and Africa, and no measures whatever  
are taken to preserve this source of the  
invaluable commercial product. A  
world without India rubber would be  
intolerable, and yet not a hand as yet  
is raised to protect the only means of  
supply.E. H. Libby, the new Secretary of the  
State Grange, will make an efficient officer.  
The duties will not be new. He served  
at several years as assistant secretary at  
the annual State meetings, has been the  
efficient secretary of the Androscoggin  
Pomona Grange for twelve years, and  
has also served in several of the differ-  
ent offices in his own subordinate Grange.Wendell Phillips, in one of his lec-  
tures, referred to the American habit of  
talking about things of which one knew  
nothing. The Bridgeport, Conn., clergy-  
man against whom a theoretical manager  
has brought suit for slander in denunci-  
ing an actress, appears to have been a  
true American from the standpoint of  
the silver-tongued orator. In fact, many  
clergymen are tempted to make state-  
ments they are not able to back up. We  
presume it is clerical license.George Klutetsch, editor of *The Lin-  
coln (Neb.) Free Press*, has in his pos-  
session in the handwriting of Abraham  
Lincoln, written in 1859, an interesting let-  
ter. It was written to T. J. Pickett, at  
one time editor of the republican paper  
in Rock Island, Ill., who has given it to  
Mr. Klutetsch. It reads as follows:

"Springfield, Ill., April 16, 1859.

T. J. Pickett, Esq.—My Dear Sir:  
Yours of the 13th is just received. My  
engagements are such that I cannot at  
any very early day, visit Rock Island to  
deliver a lecture or for any other object.  
As to the other matter you kindly men-  
tion, I must, in candor, say I do not  
think myself fit for the Presidency. I  
certainly am not, and gratified in that  
connection, but I really think it best for  
our cause that no concerted effort such  
as you suggest should be made. Let this  
be considered confidential. Yours  
very truly,

A. LINCOLN."

This extract from the speech of Ex-  
Major Curtis of Boston, made in New  
York, recently, should be engraved in  
gold, and placed where every one could  
read it. He said:Let religion and politics, in all mutual  
respect, encouraging and strengthening  
one another, combine to increase the  
virtue and the happiness of our people.  
Let each, keeping upon its own plane,  
following its own methods, contribute to  
the advancement of our civilization.  
Each in his own way may be able to do  
much to this end. The American people  
will be able to live together in peace and  
unity, and the world will be the better  
in concert, but yet apart. With these  
two forces in constant antagonism, who  
can venture to predict the result? May  
the wisdom of the fathers be given to  
us of this latter day!These are the words of wisdom, and  
as the people shall heed them, so will  
our institutions be strengthened and  
perpetuated, or they will be weakened  
and destroyed.

## THE WAR CLOUD.

This cloud, hovering over our country and Great Britain, which appeared last week infinitely larger than a man's hand, has decreased considerably the past few days, as the sober, second thought of the people has asserted itself. They are no less patriotic than before, regard the President's message with precisely the same favor, but think the chances for actual and absolute war have diminished. There is an undoubtedly strong feeling among the members of all branches of trade in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere against the tendency to sensational war talk. It is urged that if the war talk is encouraged it will not be long before a most disastrous panic will loom up, which, on top of the dull times through which we have been passing, would be disastrous indeed.

Friday, on Wall street, New York city, held its reputation as "Black Friday." There were wild scenes, one of the fruits of the talk of war, there was a stamp in stocks, and failure crowded upon the heels of failure. American securities went down in London, and large instalments of gold were ordered to be shipped from this country. Order was restored from chaos on Saturday, however, and business seemed to be restored.

The President's robust message stirred up all England. While some of her statesmen were inclined to consider the matter soberly and candidly, others treated it in a most sneering manner, with the usual English bravado and brag. In fact, the echoes of the message are heard around the world, and everybody is talking about it and the probabilities of the results arising from it.

President Chauncey M. Depew of the New York Central Railroad, said on Friday: "The war has already cost this country \$1,000,000,000 in depreciated values, and has been going on only three days. I met a man yesterday who owns most of the swamp in Venezuela, which is in dispute, and he said he would sell it to me for \$25,000."

Work is being rushed on gunboats at all the navy yards. The present war cloud is having the effect of directing attention to the inadequacy of our sea-coast defences, though obviously little could be done toward improving their condition in the most improbable contingency of a war with Great Britain. It will be recalled that this subject was dealt with at length in the recent report of the Secretary of War, who pointed out that on a careful estimate the work needed could be done in ten years for an expenditure of \$82,000,000.

In a public reception in New York to Gen. Miles, Commodore Sicard drew an interesting comparison between the old and the modern system of naval warfare. Continuing, he said:

"We have some good ships now, but we don't raise enough men to destroy the British Navy. (A voice: 'Yes, we are.') We need a great many more ships before we can accomplish that. One of them costs \$5,000,000 to build, and if we lose one, five millions of money is gone at one stroke. (A voice: 'When the time comes, we can raise the money.') Well, the time for raising it has come now. (Cheers.) You must remember it takes time to build ships. However, we have a good many now, and shall have more in the time to come, and I hope in the meantime we shall go on progressing and do even better in the future than we have in the past. (Cheers.)

Governor Coffin of Connecticut, who was greeted with cheers, in a temperate and thoughtful speech, said it part:

"We have an army of about 25,000 men, or an effective force of about 20,000 men, which is the regular army of a people numbering something like 65,000,000, and have a National Guard of about 110,000 men, of which 60,000 are now effective. Now, with the army of Great Britain, numbering something like 1,000,000 trained men (a voice: 'We don't care!') with ability to land in Canada or some other convenient spot, to the number of 200,000 or 300,000, the question we have to ask ourselves is what are we going to do? (We are going to eat them up.) We are encouraged every day by the knowledge of the rapid movement of which we have been told for the teaching of drill in schools. However, we have a good many now, and shall have more in the time to come, and I hope in the meantime we shall go on progressing and do even better in the future than we have in the past.

Men struggle, and women, too, that their children may have an easier time in starting in life than they had, yet all the time the fact stares them in the face that property is a curse and not a blessing to the great majority of young people. The boy or girl who is obliged to carve his or her way against obstacles and difficulties will best appreciate and enjoy the measure of life to which they attain. What comes without effort cannot be rightly prized. A well balanced education and a good trade are the best legacies which a father can will his child, and oftentimes the force of adverse circumstances will be the only incentive which will move the young man to put forth the best there is in him. Many a successful fellow ought to return thanks three times a day regularly that his parents were poor in purse, and rich in character. A helping hand is a great blessing to the fellow who is doing his best— it is like the third horse on the street car at the foot of the hill—but if the boy is not using his own strength and developing it, he would be helping hand is only a harm.

She has always kept in touch, with the times, so that her mind was still young. She was willing to abide the Lord's time, but ready to go. Her life has been long and useful. She had a strong, Christian character. She was always calm, courageous, cheerful. With patient industry she toiled through the years of her strength that others might not want, that every good cause might prosper. She was always patient in loneliness, and in suffering never complaining. She has gone to her rest and reward, and many mourn her loss.

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A curious case is being tried at Bath in the Sagadahoc supreme court, Mrs. Zelia Deidrick suing S. W. Washburn, owner of Washburn's circus, to recover \$200 for performing aerial leaps by the plaintiff, who was to receive \$25 as payment.

She made a demand for money, and was told by Mr. Washburn that  
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ington will be re-organized, next week,  
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Republicans.

## DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Died in Augusta, December 12th, Miss Eunice Fletcher, aged 96 years, 7 months, 25 days. She died in the house where she had lived nearly all of her days. After the death of her parents, more than sixty years ago, she and an older sister, always feeble, and a brother, who was a cripple from early manhood, began a home life broken only by the hand of death.

By force of character and health, Eunice Fletcher was the head of the household, upon whom fell the largest part of the work and care. The brother, Brian, was well known in Augusta for twenty-five years, as he went from his home to the village in his little three-wheeled carriage. He died in 1860, at the age of 60 years. In his partial helplessness and last sickness he was most kindly cared for by the sisters who had shared with him the toils and sacrifices of thirty years of life in this humble, happy home. In 1880 the older sister, Sarah, died, at the advanced age of 90 years. Through her sickness she was lovingly nursed by her daughter Eunice.

In this home in the early years came an orphan nephew, six months old, to add to the care and expense of those who had little but frugality and industry with which to provide the necessities of life. He was taken into the home and heart of this household, to share its toils, sorrows and joys. These sisters and brothers loved and trusted the Lord with a faith that never faltered, and in return they had always a realizing sense of the loving care of the Master. "Aunt Eunice," as every one called her, outlived a large family of brothers and sisters, three of whom were ninety years or over at death. Many of her nephews and nieces, quite old people, passed on before her. For years many of her near relatives lived in or near Augusta. Now but few are in the land of the living.

For a few years after the death of her sister Sarah, Eunice lived in the old home, having with her company and a woman or a family. She loved the old place, and was not willing to leave the State even to live with her nephew and family, whom she so dearly loved. She spent a winter in Auburn, and two years in Vassalboro, but she longed for the cottage by the old elm, within sight of the cemetery on the hill, where rest the remains of so many loved ones, and to which her eyes were turning as the sunset of life drew near. A year ago last October she came back to the old place, to be cared for and nursed by a kind family. Up to October of this year she wrote and received letters weekly from her nephew in Massachusetts. He spent several days with her the first of this month. Her body was weak, but her mind was perfectly clear.

She has always kept in touch, with the times, so that her mind was still young. She was willing to abide the Lord's time, but ready to go. Her life has been long and useful. She had a strong, Christian character. She was always calm, courageous, cheerful. With patient industry she toiled through the years of her strength that others might not want, that every good cause might prosper. She was always patient in loneliness, and in suffering never complaining. She has gone to her rest and reward, and many mourn her loss.

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## WAYSIDE NOTES.

Wise and Otherwise.

He who keeps his eyes and ears open, sees and hears much to approve as



## Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

## STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

I started up one winter night,  
All in a mighty flutter,  
And vowed that I thencessor would earn  
My salt and bread and butter.

And first I thought I'd keep a school,  
And then I thought I wouldn't,  
Because I hate to try to rule,  
And 'cause I know I couldn't.

And next I thought I'd keep a store  
In some great town or city,  
For if I couldn't measure silks  
And laces, 'twas a pity.

But standing on my feet all day  
Was more than pleased my fancy;  
I feared to sink into my shoes,  
Like Reuben's sister Nancy.

So then I thought I'd write a book,  
And be a famous poet!

That was the maddest scheme of all,  
But then I did not know it.

And so I bought a pound of tea,  
Green as I could desire,  
And made it strong, and drank it hot,  
My genius to inspire.

It scaled as I forced it down,  
But I was bent on trying  
My project through, though it was hard  
To keep myself from crying.

And when the hot and bitter dose  
Was resolutely swallowed,  
I sat all night, with pen in hand,  
But not one stanza followed.

O, it was hard! but on this theme  
I do not care to tarry;  
My hope was crushed, my courage gone—  
What could I do but marry?

And so when Reuben asked again  
If he his wife might make me,  
I really felt relieved, and said:  
"Yes; I thank you; take me."

## Our Story Teller.

## A LITTLE YALLER BABY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I hev alus had a good opinion uv the wimmin folks. I don't look at 'em as some people do; uv course they're a necessity—just as men are. Uv course if there warn't no wimmin folks there wouldn't be no men folks—leastwise, that's what the meddikul folks say. But I never wuz much on discussin' human economy; what I hev alus thought 'nd said wuz that wimmin folks wuz a kind uv luxury, 'nd the best kind, too. Maybe it's because I haint had much to do with 'em that I sot on 'em. Never did get real well acquainted with 'em; 'nd there's four or uv 'em in all my life; seemed like it wuz meant that I shouln't hev 'em round me as most men hev. Mother when I wuz a little tyke, 'n' Ant' Mary raised me till I wuz big enuff to make my own livin'. Down here in the southwest, you see, most uv the girls is boys; there ain't none uv them civilizin' influences folks talk uv—nothin' but flowers 'nd birds 'nd such things as poetry tells about. So I kind uv grew up with the curis notion that wimmin folks wuz too good for our part uv the country, 'nd I hevn't quite got that notion out'n my head yet.

One time—wall, I reckon 'twas about four years ago—I got a letter from ol' Col' Sibley to come up to Saint Louey 'nd consult with him 'bout some stock in'rests we hed together. Railroad travelin' wuz no new thing to me. I hed been prutty prosperus—he'd got past hevin' to ride in a caboose 'nd git out at every stop to punch up the stars. Hed money in the Hoosier bank 'nd use to go to Teicohico once a year; hed go to the Chihuahua once a year; hed met Fill Arm'er 'nd shook hands with him, 'nd once the city papers hed a column article about my hev a million-sire; uv course I warn't so, but a feller kind uv likes that sort uv thing, you know.

The mornin' after I got that letter from Col' Sibley I started for Saint Louey. I took a bunk in the Pullman car, like I hev been doin' for six years past; 'nd I reckon the other folks must hev thought I wuz a heav up a man, for every half-hour I give the nigger has a dollar to bresh me off. The carwus full uv people—rich people, too, I reckon, for they wore good clo's—nd critisized the scenery. Jest across from me there wuz a lady with a big, fat baby—the prettiest woman I hev seen in a month uv Sundays; and the baby! why, doggone my skin when I wuzn't payin' money to the nigger, darned if I didn't set there watchin' the big, fat little cuss, like hev the only baby I ever seen. I ain't much of a hand at babies, 'cause I haint seen many uv 'em, 'nd when it comes to handlin' 'em—why, that would break me all up, 'nd like 'tisn't 't would break the baby all up, too. But it has alus been my notion that next to the wimmin folks babies wuz just about the neatest things on earth. So the more I looked at that big, fat little baby settin' in its mother's lap 'cross the way, the more I wanted to look; seemed like I wuz hoodooed by the little tyke; 'nd there wuz its mother, dead in the ear up ahead 'nd its gran'ma, a good piece up the road. What did the lady over the way do but lay her own sleepin' baby down on the seat beside her 'nd take Bill's little yaller baby 'nd hold it on one arm 'nd cover up its head 'nd her shoulder with a shawl, just like she had done with the fat baby not long afore. Bill never looked at her; he took off his hat 'nd held it in his hand, 'nd turn around 'nd stood guard over that mother, 'nd I reckon that of any man hed darst to look that way just then Bill would 've cut his heart out.

The little yaller baby didn't cry very long. Seemed like it knowned there wuz a mother holdin' it—not its own mother, but a woman whose life had been hollowed by God's blessing with the love 'nd the purity 'nd the sanctity uv motherhood.

Why, I wouldn't hev swapped that sight uv Bill an' them two babies 'nd that sweet woman for all the cattle in Texas! It jest made me know that when I d'llus thought uv wimmin was Gospel truth. God bless that lady! I say, wherever she is to-day, 'nd bless all wimmin folks, for they're all alike in their unselfishness 'nd gentleness 'nd love!

Bill said: "God bless ye!" too, when she handed him back his poor little baby. The little creeter wuz fast asleep, 'nd Bill darsent speak very long for fear he'd wake it up. But his heart wuz way up in his mouth when he says: "God bless ye!" to that dear lady; 'nd he added, like he wanted to let her know that he meant to pay her back when he could: "I'll do the same for you some time, marm, if I kin!"—St. Louis Republic.

But it didn't do no good 't all; pre-tendin' to be cross with the nigger might fool the other folks in the car, but it didn't fool me. I wuz dead stuck on that baby—go'durn his pictur. And there the little tyke set in its mother's lap, doublin' up its legs 'nd tryin' to swall' em, 'nd talkin' like to its mother in a lingo I couldn't understand, but which the mother could, for she talked back to the baby in a soothin' lingo which I couldn't understand, but which I liked to hear, 'nd she patted the baby 'nd stroked its hair 'nd patted it like wimmin do.

It made me mad to hear them other folks in the car critisizin' the scenery 'nd things. A man's in mighty poor business, anyhow, to be lookin' at scenery when there's a woman in sight—a woman an' a baby!

Prutty soon—oh, maybe in a hour or two—the baby began to fret 'nd wortit. Seemed to me like the little critter wuz hungry. Known' that there wuzn't no eatin'—house this side uv Bowieville, I jest called the train boy, 'nd says I to him: "Hev you got any victuals that will do for a baby?"

"How is orange 'nd bananas?" says he.

"That ought to do," sez I. "Jist do up a dozen uv your best oranges 'nd a dozen uv your best bananas 'nd take 'em over to that baby with my compierments."

## TELL-TALE FACES.

## PINCHED AND CAREWORN,

As Worn by Many American Women.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

The "tell-tale face" is worn by many American women, and is a symptom of symptoms, a signal of distress.

While women do all in their power to hide their condition, the practised eye soon detects the trouble.

When pains and aches are felt in every part of the body, when faintness, dizziness, and bearing-down feeling prevail, when loss of sleep and appetite are continuous daily, then the society of friends is irksome, and the hopeless "blues" predominate, then the face is pinched, haggard, and careworn, and prompt relief is necessary, or beautiful life will be sacrificed.

An American woman, Lydia E. Pinkham, has a student of women and their diseases, twenty years ago succeeded

in producing an absolute cure for all diseases of women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands to-day as it did then, pre-eminently.

Mrs. H. Wampler, of Baraboo, Wis., whose book we were permitted to publish, last year, writes that she hopes Mrs. Pinkham will continue to use her name, as the publication in newspapers of the account of her own wonderful cure and relief from years of misery has been the means of influencing many suffering women.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and become very like herself. Mrs. Wampler feels, and rightly so, that in this way she is doing a great good.

But along about an hour after that back came Bill, moseyin' through the car like he wuz huntin' for somebody. Seemed like he wuz in trouble and wuz hundin' for a friend.

"Anything I kin do for you, Bill?" says I, but he didn't make no answer. All of a sudint he set his eyes on the prutty lady that had the fat baby sleepin' in her arms, 'nd he made a break for her like he wuz crazy. He took off his hat 'nd bent down over her 'nd said somethin' nent the rest uv us could hear. The lady kind uv started like she wuz frightened, 'nd then she looked up at Bill 'nd looked him right square in the countenance. She saw a tall, ganglin', awkward man, with long yaller hair 'nd frowy beard, 'nd she saw that he wuz tremblin' 'nd hev tears in his eyes. She looked down at the fat baby in her arms, 'nd then she looked out'n the window at the great stretch uv prairie land, 'nd seemed like she wuz lookin' off further 'n the rest uv us could see. Then, at last she turned around 'nd said: "Yes; to Bill, 'nd Bill went off to the front car ag'in.

had heard the same remarks from the same source a dozen times in the last 15 minutes did not affect his appreciation of it in the least.

"Wrecked my voice, though," said the Sophomore.

"If it were shattered," said the Junior, thoughtfully, "I might get a little sleep mornin'."

To this the Sophomore made no answer. He did not feel himself capable of conversing on any subject except the game.

"There were holes in their line that you could drive an ice wagon through," he said, in sudden exultation.

"I don't drive an ice wagon," said the Junior, shortly. Then he turned and looked at the clock above the desk.

"It's nearly six," he said. "Let's go and get something to eat."

The Sophomore glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, and an instant later became immersed in a study of the toes of his shoes.

"I'm going up to dinner," he said, hesitatingly.

"What's that?" said the Junior.

The Sophomore repeated his statement with obvious embarrassment. The Junior looked at him with withering scorn.

" Didn't you tell me," he said, accusingly, "that we'd take dinner together, go to the theater, and catch the 11:30 train back?"

The Sophomore shifted uneasily in his seat.

"Well, you see," he said, "I hadn't received this invitation then."

"That makes no difference," said the Junior sternly. "You made an engagement with me. Are you going to break it?"

"No," said the Sophomore. "Only—Only you don't intend to keep it," said the Junior.

"What'll I do now? Want to hear till train time?"

"O, you'll be all right," said the Sophomore. "Unless some one takes you for a hayseed and bunks you," he added.

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"I suppose you'll tell this thing all over the place," he said, ruefully.

The Sophomore nodded. "I met her at the beach last vacation," he said. "I never called on her here, but she asked me to dinner to-night. She has a cousin in college. I never asked his name for fear she'd want me to look him up."

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## Horse Department.

The sun, the heat, the fresh air, the activity of respiration induced by exercise, develop the force, energy, suppleness and muscular strength of the colt. Those raised in stables may be larger in breadth and amplitude, but they can never attain these more essential elements in confinement. Like a child, the colt needs to run about, to leap and play.

The sale of several good horses the past week, in different parts of Maine, only indicates what might be done if the supply of such was more abundant. It is a fact that no New England State has as many good ones as Maine, but that should not be any excuse for not having a large supply. More well educated, large, stylish roadsters are needed at prices which would compensate any movements in confinement. Like a child, the colt needs to run about, to leap and play.

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**MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR MAN OR BEAST.**  
Certain in its effects and never blistered.  
Read proofs below.  
**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**  
SHELBY, MICH., Dec. 16, '93.  
Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co.  
Sirs:—I have a good success for  
cure on two horses and it is the best  
Liniment I have ever used.  
Yours truly, AUGUST FREDRICK.

For sale by all druggists, or address  
Dr. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY,  
ENOBUSH FALLS, VT.

The sale of Gene Briggs for a long price takes another fast horse out of Maine, and robs Maple Grove Farm of another fine specimen of the class they are breeding from Messenger Wilkes. It's good business to sell whenever there is an opportunity, and the best wish we have for Mears, Briggs is that they have a number growing capable of more than filling his place on the road or track.

Let's see, it is about the close of the year, and the time when men get out the usual bug-a-boo about the two-minutes trotter. The shutting of the season has not seen any change in the figures on the board, and the ultimate in speed is yet before us. What and where is that no man can tell. It may be inside of two minutes, and it may be outside, but until it is fixed fixed men will strive for what may be an impossibility, and find pleasure in so doing.

Last week Mr. M. M. Morse, who has been secretary of the National Trotting Association for nearly nine years, tendered his resignation, and the same was reluctantly accepted. Mr. Morse has been a faithful, hard-working, pains-taking official, and his administration of affairs has been beyond criticism, so that he retires having the good will and the best wishes of all who have had business relations with him. Falling health and advancing age are the reasons for the resignation. W. H. Gocher, of Cleveland, O., has been selected by the Board of Directors to succeed Mr. Morse. He will dispose of his interests at Cleveland, and remove to Hartford, Conn., early in 1896.

Men who are interested, or who look at this great question from a single standpoint, will advise the use of this or that horse because of his speed, promised or secured, or his breeding. This is all right as a single factor, but not as controlling influence. Hardly ever does one hear the subject of disposition mentioned, yet here is an element of greater importance than speed. Transmissive powers are not all in one direction, and the temper of a horse will show itself somewhere in his offspring. It may not come until the second generation, but come it will, for "like produces like." Avoid the stallion which is crabbed, contrary, stubborn or vicious by nature. So much depends on having the next generation one of good dispositions, intelligent, cheerful, obedient, that the matter of selection in breeding becomes all important.

Either somebody refused to sell or failed to show their stock, or else the statement must stand that none could be found which would fill the bill with the representative of the French government who was sent here to purchase four hundred trotting stallions to introduce into the government haras. The fact stands that although he scoured the breeding sections he did not accept a single animal. The demands were indeed critical, sixteen hands, strong and smooth in backs, fine in legs, choice in heads and necks and substantial in structure, with grand action, but that is just what should be called for everywhere. There is evidence of a thorough awakening all along the line, and writers are criticising as never before, demanding that these substantial receive greater attention. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. It indicates a better era for all who grow colts.

George Leavitt, nominally of Boston, but who votes in Pembroke, where he has a large stock farm, seems to possess a faculty of picking youngsters that will become great, as is shown by the following list. Each horse named was bought green and made his record after passing through Leavitt's hands:

Early Bird, bought as a three-year-old; record 2:10.

Tomah, bought as a three-year-old; record 2:10.

Bingen, bought as a yearling; record 2:12.

Allen Lowe, bought as a yearling; record 2:12.

Larabee, bought as a two-year-old; record 2:12.

Frank Jones, bought as a three-year-old; record 2:10.

Noesay, bought as a seven-year-old; record 2:13.

Merry Bird, bought as a three-year-old; record 2:10.

Ralph Wilkes, bought as a two-year-old; record 2:09.

Val, bought as a yearling; record 2:18.

Edgarlo, bought as a two-year-old; record 2:13.

Fancy Swope, bought as a three-year-old; record 2:19.

That is a list which proves Leavitt to be one of the best judges in the country.

Leslie Macleod, one of the young men from "way down East" who has made his mark in the field of turf writers, contributes a breezy article to the Trotter and Pacer on the passing of the Hackney, which, while not to be accepted perhaps entirely, contains much of merit, and a lesson in regard to structure which cannot be too frequently presented:

"Not so long since, even some of the friends of the trotter, who write for the turf press, were disposed to concede that the Hackney was the superior of the American, as a showy, 'high acting' carriage horse. But from the beginning of the Hackney furore which is now on the wane, the trotting faithful argued steadfastly that for any purpose the trotting-bred horse was the superior of the imported animal, whose hardly natural action tends to elevation rather

## Poultry Department.

Experience is a better teacher than precept in poultry raising, but it is not every one who turns his misfortune to experience. It is the wise poultry man who avoids making the same mistake twice; but there are those who will learn no less from any source whatever.

Give the fowl an early breakfast; it is their nature to be up betimes. Rob the pigs of enough of the spare milk to give the biddies a daily ration, and do not allow the table scraps to become soured, but feed them while fresh. For the grain ration it has been found that wheat is a very economical food.

Good stock, good feed, pure water, good care, clean houses, no lice, no drugs. These are the main requisites to success in poultry culture, whether carried on for pleasure or profit. Attention to details is the golden key which opens the door and makes success rea-

sonable sure.

Clean and dry quarters are the price of health to the flock. All nest boxes and roosts should be made movable for convenience and effectiveness on cleaning day. Even the ground floor should be raked and occasionally spaded up, to remove the hurtful effect of the daily de-

posits.

Profit from the useful hints you may get from the successes and failures of some of those who are enthusiastic about the trotting-bred horses were ill-formed, lacked uniformity in size, style and action, that they were styleless and actionless, that they had no speed or combination of both, etc. It is only fair to say that against a very large proportion of trotting-bred horses these charges are not without foundation, and this has been due to the rage for speed alone—to breeding from animals of all shapes, sizes, and individual inferiorities, so long as the speed lines seemed to give promise of producing a winner. One of the most successful and extensive breeders of trotters in the country long years ago made it his rule of action to never cross-breed his horses, and it is certain that his idea is now quite generally accepted, if not as widely and unanswered as it should be.

The argument has often been heard that breeders of thoroughbreds breed for racing quality without reference to beauty, but that is irrelevant when applied to trotters, for racing is the sole use of the thoroughbred, whereas the trotting-bred horse is a versatile animal and one of paying value to the breeder, if he can catch a high form of style, if he can't "race a little bit." We are told time and again that "they go in all shapes" and "handsome is as handsome does," but this apology for the production of individually inferior horses, even if occasionally they have speed, is very shallow. There is no section of the country where breeding is practiced to any considerable extent without horses combining good individuality with speed, and the excuse "I—there are no such horses" is a lame excuse when it is remembered that but a small percentage of horses produced prove of value on the turf, and that horses of poor form and style, if they cannot win, are of practically no market value in these exacting days, it is hard to see why any man who is breeding for profit can swerve from the purpose to produce horses that, if they do not prove winning trotters, will still sell at remunerative prices for other uses.

At this season much is said and written about egg foods, condition powders, cattail foods, &c., &c. Of the making of these there seems to be no end. That they have food value may seriously be doubted. If they contain any of the articles which may be fed with profit in the form of food nutrients, then to the extent of their presence the food is food, and valuable to the market cost of these ingredients. Beyond that drugs have value as corrective or alterative agents. If the hens are in good health no benefit will follow the feeding of these. If sick, then surely rational treatment should be resorted to. To pay twenty-five cents a pound for cotton seed meal is "just a little high," but that's about what some do. Better by far put more skill into the hopper, and less nostrums into the hen.

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**TURNING GRAY  
AND THREATENED  
WITH BALDNESS**  
The Danger is Averted by Using  
**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**

"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray and began falling out so rapidly that I was threatened with immediate baldness. Hearing Ayer's Hair Vigor highly spoken of, I commenced using this prepara-



tion, and was so well satisfied with the result that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It stopped the hair from falling out, stimulated a new growth of hair, and kept the scalp free from dandruff. Only an occasional application is now needed to keep my hair of good, natural color. I never hesitate to recommend any of Ayer's medicines to my friends."—Mrs. H. M. HAIGHT, Avoca, N. H.

**Ayer's Hair Vigor**  
PREPARED BY  
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOVELL, MASS., U. S. A.

*Ayer's Sarsaparilla Remedy*

*Patent*

*Shampoo*

*Shampoo*